

SEPTEMBER

No. 5

10¢

# CRACK COMICS



THE BLACK  
CONDOR



ALIAS THE  
SPIDER



JANE ARDEN



NED BRANT



Starring  
The **CLOCK**  
O  
MOLLY THE  
MODEL  
O  
Wizard  
Wells  
LEE PRESTON  
And many  
others



**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# QUALITY COMIC GROUP

AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING COMIC MAGAZINES

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starring

The Doll Man Samar Lig Top  
Lala Palooza Rance Keane  
Zero, Ghost Detective  
Reynolds Of The Mounted

## CRACK COMICS

starring

The Black Condor The Clock  
Alias The Spider Jane Arden  
The Space Legion Ned Brant  
Molly The Model

## SMASH COMICS

starring

Expionage The Ray  
Bozo The Robot Wings Wendall  
Invisible Justice Abdul The Arab  
The Purple Trio

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starring

Uncle Sam Merlin The Magician  
Wonder Boy The Kid Patrol  
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starring

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Betty Bates Neon, The Unknown

BUY FEATURE COMICS, SMASH COMICS, CRACK COMICS,  
NATIONAL COMICS AND HIT COMICS EACH MONTH  
FROM YOUR REGULAR NEWSDEALER

A YOUNGSTER WHO LIVED IN FALL RIVER  
LOADED PORK-CHOPS AND BACON AND LIVER,  
ON A BIKE WITH NO BRAKE,  
TILL HIS LEGS USED TO ACHIE,  
FROM THOSE ORDERS HE HAD TO DELIVER!

THE BUTCHER HE WORKED FOR WAS JOLLY,  
HE SAW THAT SUCH LABOR WAS FOLLY,  
SAID, "I'LL GET YOU A BIKE,  
"WITH THE BRAKE THAT YOU LIKE—  
"A SWELL-CHASTINE MORROW, BY BOLLY!"

THE BIKE DEALER, QUITE WIDE-AWAKE,  
WAS SYMPATH FOR THE YOUNG MORROW BRAKE,  
SO THEY PICKED ON A BLINGER—  
A RUFFY HUM-DINGER,  
WITH A BRAKE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST MAKE!

NOW THE FALL RIVER FOLKS GET THEIR BACON,  
THEIR PORK-CHOPS AND PUMPKINS AND STEAK, ON  
THE MINUTE THEY ASK IT—  
RISKY OUT OF THE BASKET,  
YEST AS SOON AS THE ORDERS ARE TAKEN!

IT'S THE MORROW THAT CAUSES THE WHISTLE—  
TAKES THE HILLS WITHOUT EVEN A TUSSELE—  
KEEPS HIM SAFE ALL THE TIME,  
"CAUSE IT STOPS ON A DIME,  
AND IT'S NOT NEAR SO HARD ON HIS MUSCLE!

Make sure your new bike  
has a **MORROW  
COASTER BRAKE**

Famous for 40  
years! Quick stop-  
ping, easy pedal-  
ing, long coasting,  
more ball bear-  
ings (21) than any  
other brake! Your bicycle dealer can furnish a  
Morrow Coaster Brake on any bike—ask for it!

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION


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# THE BLACK CONDOR

BY KENNETH LEWIS



THE BLACK CONDOR, MAN OF FLIGHT, THE ONLY HUMAN WHOSE COURSE IS WITH THE BIRDS ABOVE THE CLOUDS... SWIFT AND STRONG AS THE WINDS... SWEEPS FROM THE SKIES TO THE SIDE OF RIGHT AND JUSTICE IN A WORLD OF EVIL.

CERTAIN THAT WICKED SPIRITS HAVE CURSED THE SHIPS, MEN SAIL OUT TO FIRE THEM AND LIFT THE SPELL.



FRIGHTENED THROUGHS CROWD THE DOCKS TO WATCH EACH MYSTERY SHIP RETURN.

IT IS AN EVIL OMEN! BURN THE SHIPS!

YES, BURN THEM!

SHIPS SET SAIL FROM CEYLON, ABLE-BODIED SEAMEN SWARMING IN THEIR RIGGINGS. SHIPS RETURN TO CEYLON, SILENTLY, CARGOLESS, CREWLESS GHOST-SHIPS.



AMONG THOSE WHO GO ABOARD IS A STRANGE FIGURE, THE BLACK CONDOR.



THE SHIP IS BURNING! COME AWAY QUICKLY!

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING HERE THAT WILL TELL THE STORY. I MUST SEARCH.





BUT THE BLACK CONDOR REMAINS BEHIND TO EXAMINE THE SHIPS.



BITS OF THE WAHILLA PLANT! THAT IS FOUND IN ONLY ONE PLACE IN THE WORLD!

THE DANGER IS LANDS!

AS THE SHIP ROARS INTO A BLAZING INFERNO, THE BLACK CONDOR SOARS TOWARD THE CLOUDS.



THE FLAMES ARE QUENCHED AS THE SHIP SINKS. THE BIRD MAN WINGS TOWARD THE EAST.



MEANWHILE THE LOST SEAMEN, CLUTCHED IN THE TALONS OF GIANT EAGLES, ARE FLOWN TO THE ROCKY SHORES OF DANGER ISLAND.



DROPPED ON THE BEACH BY THEIR STRANGE CAPTORS, THEY FACE A BAND OF ARMED MEN.



FIRST YOU MUST KNOW THAT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO ESCAPE.. THE EYES OF MY EAGLES ARE AS SHARP AS THEIR CLAWS!

YOU HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO WORK FOR ME AT THE BOTTOM OF MY POOL OF SAPPHIRES.. MEN DIE THERE EVERY DAY.. YOU WILL NOT LAST LONG!



WE ARE FREE MEN! YOU CANNOT MAKE US DO THIS.. IT IS SLAVERY.. MURDER!



FOOL! WE DO NOT TOLERATE REVOLT!

AT A SILENT SIGNAL ONE OF THE HUGE EAGLES SEIZES THE MAN IN ITS CLAWS.





INTO THE HUNGRY WAVES  
DROPS THE HAPLESS MAN.



THAT SHOULD BE WARN-  
ING ENOUGH FOR THE  
REST OF YOU!



PUT ON THE  
HELMETS. YOU  
GO DOWN  
AT ONCE!



EACH OF  
YOU MUST FILL A  
BAG WITH  
SAPPHIRES!

IF YOU  
FAIL, YOU  
NEED NOT  
RETURN!



YOU MAY ENCOUNTER  
OTHER DIFFICULTIES IN  
THE POOL. THAT IS YOUR  
PROBLEM!



MUTELY, THE MEN  
FOLLOW THE ORDER  
TO DIVE.



THEY BEGIN THE HARD TASK  
OF SCRAPING THE GEMS  
FROM THE SIDES OF THE  
POOL.



SUDDENLY... OUT OF A CREVICE  
SWEEPS THE ARM OF DEATH



THE WATER CHURNS  
MADLY.





WHILE ABOVE ON DANGER ISLAND A STRANGER HAS DROPPED FROM THE SKIES



THE GUARDS DO NOT HEAR THE STEALTHY APPROACH OF THE BLACK CONDOR



HE LEAPS



A GUARD WHIPS AROUND.



THE CONDOR CATCHES HIM WITH A SWIFT BLOW.



ANOTHER SPRINGS FROM BEHIND.



SO, YOU DON'T WELCOME STRANGERS ON THIS ISLAND! MY HUNCH MUST BE RIGHT.



A SHARP KICK. AND.

HOLD THAT POSE!

















NOW THE CONDOR TURNS  
AND SWEEPS UP TO THE  
ATTACK.



A CRUSHING BLOW BREAKS  
THE HUGE BIRD'S NECK.



BUT ANOTHER DROPS  
DOWN WITH OUT-  
STRETCHED CLAWS.



JERKING FREE WITH A  
TREMENDOUS EFFORT.



HE CRIPPLES  
THE MIGHTY  
BIRD.



A WHOLE  
BATTALION!



THE BLACK RAY SHATTERS  
THE SKY WITH BLAZING  
DEATH... THE EAGLES FALL...



WOUNDED, WEAK  
FROM EXHAUSTING  
BATTLE, THE BLACK  
CONDOR DROPS  
FROM THE CLOUDS.



HE'S  
FALLEN!



HE MAY NOT BE  
DEAD... WE MUST  
HIDE THE GEMS!  
HURRY!



BACK  
THROUGH  
THE CAVE  
THEY RUN.





MY EAGLES HE HAS  
KILLED MY BIRDS! BUT  
HE SHALL NOT HAVE  
MY GEMS NO ONE  
SHALL EVER TAKE  
MY SAPPHIRES!



FROM THE CAVE  
OF THE SAPPHIRE  
POOL, HE TURNS  
TO THE DRY CAVERN  
WHERE HIS PRECIOUS  
STONES ARE CACHED



ABOVE, THE  
CONDOR  
WATCHES...



MINE THIS STORE  
OF WEALTH AND  
BEAUTY IS THE  
GREATEST IN THE  
WORLD. I AM THE  
RICHEST MAN  
ON EARTH!



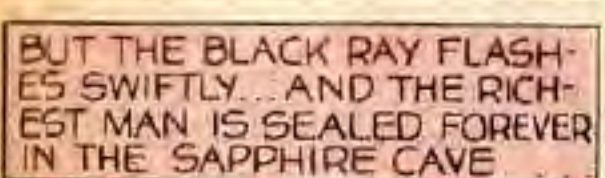
A WARNING SHADOW  
FALLS ACROSS A  
GUARD



THE CONDOR  
DROPS BEFORE  
HIM...



YOU WILL  
DIE!



BUT THE BLACK RAY FLASH-  
ES SWIFTLY... AND THE RIC-  
EST MAN IS SEALED FOREVER  
IN THE SAPPHIRE CAVE



THESE GEMS SHOULD  
COMPENSATE YOU  
FOR THE  
HORROR  
YOU HAVE  
BEEN  
THROUGH!



BACK TO CEYLON UNDER FULL  
SAIL GO THE RELEASED CREWS  
A WINGED ESCORT FOLLOWS,  
THE INVINCIBLE BLACK  
CONDOR.



# MOLLY THE MODEL





# MOLLY THE MODEL

BOMBING  
MR. RAID

HEY,  
POP—  
I'M GOING  
NOW!

GOSH, MOLLY,  
IT'S GONNA  
BE ANFUL  
LONELY  
ROUND HERE  
WITHOUT  
YOU!

YOU'LL  
SURVIVE,  
POP,  
AND I'LL BE  
BACK IN A  
COUPLE OF  
DAYS!

I COULD  
"SURVIVE"  
BETTER  
IF Y'MADE  
THIS A  
TENT!

UH UH—YOU  
CAN CHARGE  
THINGS AT  
THE GROCERS!

AND I F'GOT TO TELL YOU, THERE  
ARE SOME WORKMEN COMING  
TO REPAIR THE PAVEMENT  
IN THE BACK  
YARD!

UMM

LATER

MISS  
MALONEY  
SENT  
FOR US!

RIGHT  
OUT  
BACK,  
BOYS!

BOMBING  
AIR RAID

JUST A MINUTE, FELLAS—  
MY DAUGHTER MADE A  
LAST MINUTE CHANGE  
IN HER PLANS!

DESE  
PEOPLE  
IS  
WHACKY!

YOU  
SAID  
IT!

THEY'RE  
PRYIN'  
FOR  
IT!

TWO  
DAYS  
LATER

POP!  
I'M  
HOME!  
WHERE  
ARE  
YOU?

RIGHT  
OUT  
BACK,  
MOLLY!

WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING DOWN  
IN THAT  
HOLE?

THIS IS NO MERE HOLE, MY  
DEAR— IT'S AN AIR  
RAID SHELTER AND I'VE  
HAD IT FIXED UP  
NICE AND COZY!  
ESPECIALLY—

—FOR  
YOU!





BUY CRACK COMICS EACH MONTH FROM YOUR REGULAR NEWSDEALER



# The RED TORPEDO

IN HIS NAVIGABLE TORPEDO, MOST POWERFUL WEAPON AFLOAT, THE RED TORPEDO IS THE TERROR OF MARITIME EVILDOERS; A ROBIN HOOD OF THE DEEP. ONE DAY ON HIS POWERFUL RADIO COMES WORD OF A NEW MENACE...

ANOTHER OUTRAGE BY THE "LONE SHARK" IS JUST REPORTED! THIS MYSTERIOUS SEA MARAUDER HAS STRUCK AGAIN!

ROY LARKIN



THE SHARK FASTENS HIMSELF TO THE HULL OF HIS VICTIM BY A POWERFUL VACUUM CUP.



SUCTION GLOVES AND SHOES ENABLE HIM TO CLIMB TO A PORTHOLE AND ENTER.



ONCE INSIDE THE SHARK ROBS THE SHIP'S SAFE OF ANY VALUABLES.



AND IS QUICKLY OFF BY THE SAME WAY HE CAME.





TURNING OFF HIS  
RADIO SET.

THE RED TORPEDO LEAVES HIS SECRET WHARF AT ONCE

I'LL HAVE TO  
GO AFTER  
THIS "SHARK!"

THROUGH HIS AQUARIUS HE  
SOON SIGHTS THE SHARK

BUT AT THE SAME TIME THE SHARK ALSO SEES  
HIS Foe.

I'LL SOON  
LOSE HIM!

AS THE RED  
TORPEDO DOES  
INTO ACTION,  
THE SHARK  
FLEES.

SUDDENLY THE SHARK EMITS A FLOOD-LIKE  
CLOUD OF HEAVY BLACK OIL

IT ENVELOPS AND COMPLETELY BLINDS THE  
RED TORPEDO.

HERE  
COMES A SHIP!  
THAT WILL LURE THE  
SHARK BACK. I'LL  
JUST HANG  
AROUND!

TO RECHART HIS BEARINGS THE  
RED TORPEDO IS FORCED TO RISE  
TO THE SURFACE

THAT FELLOW'S TRAILING THE  
SHIP! HE'S GETTING TO BE  
A NUISANCE!



THE SHARK SENDS A CHALLENGE TO THE RED TORPEDO ON THE AQUA-AUDIO.



YES!

SO, THE FOOL ACCEPTS! I'LL  
TRAP HIM HERE! I'LL SOW  
MINES JUST BEYOND  
THOSE REEFS!



THE RED TORPEDO APPROACHES  
THE SHARK'S TRAP.



AS HE PASSES BETWEEN TWO ELECTRIC EYES, A BARRAGE OF MINES IS RELEASED.



BUT THE RED TORPEDO STOPS IN TIME.



I'LL GO INTO  
REVERSE  
AND DIVE!

AT THAT MOMENT A HUGE FISH APPEARS IN  
THE PATH OF THE DRIFTING MINES.







THE BIG FISH  
BUMPS AND SETS  
OFF A MINE...



THE RED TORPEDO DIVES  
THROUGH THE EXPLODING MINES.



HE GOT  
THROUGH THAT,  
BUT I'LL  
SMOTHER HIM  
WITH AN OIL  
CLOUD!



BUT THIS TIME THE RED TORPEDO IS PREPARED. POWERFUL  
LIGHT BEAMS CUT THROUGH THE CLOUD OF OIL.



THE SHARK LAUNCHES A  
TORPEDO AT HIS ENEMY.



I'LL TAKE THAT TORPEDO  
IN THE FLANK, WHERE IT  
WON'T  
EXPLODE!





THE RED TORPEDO SMASHES THE EXPLOSIVE AGAINST THE SUBMARINE BLOWING IT OUT OF THE WATER.



RIISING QUICKLY TO THE SURFACE THE RED TORPEDO DIVES FOR THE SHARK!



BOTH MEET ON THE FLOATING WRECKAGE OF THE SHARK'S SUBMARINE



THE RED TORPEDO DRAGS THE SHARK ABOARD HIS WAITING CRAFT.



THANKS, MY MYSTERIOUS FRIEND I HOPE SOME DAY TO KNOW WHO YOU ARE!

ANOTHER AMAZING ADVENTURE WITH THE RED TORPEDO IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CRACK COMICS



# MADAM FATAL

ART DRAUGHT

MEET THE ROARING DRIFT OF WAGGONS  
AND HAPPY FLOCKS OF CHILDREN,  
BROAD STATION, ALAS MADAM FATAL,  
WITCHES & CROOKS ROLL INTO TOWN...















HA-HA-THEIR TRICKS SURE FOOLED THE OLD LADY, EH, SILVER?

I'LL SAY, BOSS! AND THEY'LL BLAME THE WHOLE THING ON THE WANDU-!!



YEAH-THAT'LL FIX HIM... NOW WE CAN SHARE DOWN THE KID'S FATHER FOR A NICE SUM- WITH THE SHERIFF ABOUT TO TAKE THE CIRCUS AWAY FROM ME, I'LL NEED IT!!



THEY'RE SLEEPING AT THAT OLD SHACK!

WE'D BETTER STOP HERE AND WALK THE REST OF THE WAY!!



THIS IS GOING TO BE TOUGH, BOYS... BLACK AND HIS MEN ARE HEAVILY ARMED!!

JUST LET ME GET AT HIM- THAT'S ALL!



THIS IS THE ONLY WAY ONE OF US CAN GET INTO THE HOUSE! HIGHER, CYCLOPS... AH- HE'S GOT IT... NICE WORK!!



NOW WE'VE GOT TO... WHAT TH-!!

DON'T MOVE, YOU TWO- YOU'RE COVERED... NOW- MARCH UP TO THE DOOR- QUICK!



HEY BOSS!! OPEN UP AND LOOK WHAT I CAUGHT SNOOPIN' AROUND!

LUCKILY HE DIDN'T SEE THE GENERAL GET INTO THE HOUSE!!



OF ALL TH-!! CYCLOPS SAID THE OLD LADY!! SO YOU DIDN'T FALL FOR MY TRICK, EH? WELL- NEVER MIND- GET IN HERE, THE BOTH OF YOU!



GOSH-TWO MEN ARE GUARDING RATCH... I'VE GOT TO REACH THE HALLWAY AND UNLOCK THE FRONT DOOR!



OH-OH, CYCLOPS AND MADAM FATAL ARE IN TROUBLE... THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF THIS AND IT'S GOT TO WORK!





FOLLOW MADAM FATAL IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF CRACK COMICS - ON SALE AUGUST 30TH.



# THE SPACE LEGION

WITH  
**ROCK  
BRADDON**



**REVOLT!** A GREAT DESERT OF MARS REDDENS WITH BLOOD AS THE ANCIENT TRIBE OF HEGRA RISES ONCE AGAIN TO POWER. LED BY AN INHUMAN MANIAC, THE RUTHLESS DESERT MEN SPREAD TERROR AND DEATH FOR CONTROL OF THE GREAT TITANIUM MINES!



FOUR SHIPS CARRY THE VETERAN WARRIORS OF THE SPACE LEGION TO MARS. THEIR MISSION IS TO CRUSH THE REBELLION.



THE EXPEDITION'S COMMANDER, CAPTAIN ROCK BRADDON, ADDRESSES HIS OFFICERS.

TITANIUM!  
IF THE MARTIANS SEIZE THOSE FIELDS THEY'LL BE IN COMPLETE CONTROL OF ALL SPACE TRAVEL! THE EARTH MUST KEEP THAT FUEL!



THE EVIL-EYED SCOUTS OF HEGRA WATCH AS THE HUGE SHIPS LAND.



SWIFTLY THE WORD IS FLASHED ACROSS THE DESERT.



AND REACHES THE EARS OF GULLA, HIGH LORD OF THE TRIBES OF HEGRA!



MASTER GULLA!  
SPACE LEGION  
COME!

HA! THAT IS TOO BAD FOR THEM! NOTHING CAN STOP GULLA!







BUT, UNCLE GULLA, YOU MUST GIVE UP THIS MADNESS!

WITH TITANIUM I SHALL RULE ALL SPACE!



THE DESERT OF HESGA SHALL BE THE GRAVE-YARD OF THE SPACE LEGION! SUMMON MY ARMIES!



GULLA CALLS A COUNCIL OF WAR...  
WITH THE SPACE LEGION ON MARS IT IS NECESSARY THAT WE GAIN COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE TITANIUM OUTPUT. THAT MEANS WE MUST CAPTURE THE GREAT REFINERY AT JUKARA!



AND SO THE HORDES OF HESGA POUR OUT OF THE DESERT TOWARDS JUKARA



ENEMY SCOUTS AHEAD, CAPTAIN!

GOOD, WE'LL LAY A TRAP FOR THEM!



RIDING THEIR MARTIAN DESERT HORSES THE SCOUTS ENTER THE TRAP



READY! CLOSE IN!

CAUGHT IN A MURDEROUS CROSS-FIRE OF THE LEGION'S RAY GUNS, THE MARTIANS ARE NEARLY WIPED OUT, AND



CAPTAIN SQUADRON SHIFTLY, UNCOMPLETES ENCIRCLEMENT.  
SURRENDER OR DIE!



CEASE FIRING... WE SURRENDER!



A GIRL? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

MY UNCLE FORCED ME TO ACCOMPANY THIS ADVANCE PATROL!



WHERE IS YOUR UNCLE'S ARMY... WHAT ARE HIS PLANS?

HE IS HEADING FOR JUKARA!











AS ROCK AND A SOLDIER  
SLIP INTO THE SHADOWS,  
THE MARTIAN GIRL ROUNDS  
ON THE HUGE GATE...

OPEN!  
OPEN UP!

QUICK! TAKE ME  
TO GULLA... I'VE JUST  
ESCAPED FROM THE  
SPACE LEGION!

ROCK SPRINGS FROM THE  
DARKNESS!

UGH!  
THIS  
MESSAGE  
WILL PUT  
YOU  
AT  
REST!

NOW THIS WILL SIGNAL  
OUR LEGION ATTACK  
TO BEGIN!

AT THE SHOTS, SOLAR LIGHTS  
PIERCE THE BLACKNESS, BLINDING  
THE GARRISON ON THE WALLS. THE  
LEGION TANKS DASH FOR THE  
OPEN GATE.

ROCK AND HIS COMPANION  
HOLD THE GATE UNTIL THE  
TANKS ROLL THROUGH...

GULLA SENSES HIS FINISH...

I AM LOST! THEIR  
CURSED TANKS WILL  
SPELL MY DOOM!

... BUT I SHALL HAVE MY  
REVENGE ON THEM!  
THOSE TITANIUM VAULTS...  
YES! I SHALL BLOW  
THEM ALL UP! HA-HA-HA!

MEANWHILE, ROCK IN HIS  
SEARCH FOR GULLA,  
DESCENDS INTO THE  
TITANIUM VAULTS...

GULLA MUST BE  
HERE... HE'S NOWHERE  
ELSE IN THE CITY!

AS HE ENTERS ANOTHER  
ROOM, A FIGURE DARTS  
FROM THE SHADOWS AND  
FIRES BLINDLY...

THAT MISS WILL  
PROVE COSTLY,  
DOG!

AH!  
HAY!  
HAY!

LATER...

I SHALL RULE  
THE TRIBES OF  
NEGRA IN PEACE,  
ROCK. BUT WHAT OF  
YOU?

BACK TO  
EARTH... AND  
THEN ON TO  
MORE ADVENTURE!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DODD

SUREFOOT  
SPEAKS—  
WE'VE ON  
THE  
SPOT!

CONSTRUCT BACKWOODS BRANT—  
BUT WE MIGHT AS WELL  
FACE THE MUSIC!

THE CROWD  
FROM THE  
WOODS WILL  
BE HERE SOON—  
THEY WANT  
TO SEE  
THIS  
EXHIBITION.

THIS MIGHT BE  
OUR FINEST AS  
HIGH PRICED—BUT  
NEITHER OF US  
WAS BORN TO  
ONE.

LOOKS ALL RIGHT  
SO FAR—I HOPE

BET DANIEL SEEMED  
HIS WOULD STAND  
STRAIGHT UP IF HE  
SAW THIS!

THEN  
WE PLACE  
THE BOARDS  
LIKE THIS

SOON WE'LL  
HAVE A SHELTER  
FIT FOR A KING—  
WELL A DUKE,  
ANYWAY

THAT FINE  
LOOKING GUY—  
HE MIGHT  
BE!

HE KNOWS  
SOMETHING—  
I THINK—BUT  
WHAT?

ARE  
LAUGHING  
HANDS THAN  
EVER—WE GOT  
TO CALL HIM  
ON IT

WE'RE  
ALMOST THROUGH—  
GO AHEAD BEFORE  
HE KNOWS US!

I'VE NOTICED THAT ONE  
OF YOU HAS BEEN GETTING  
QUITE A LASH OUT  
OF OUR EFFORTS—

I GUESS  
YOU MEAN HE  
WANT TO KNOW  
WHY?

BECAUSE YOU PLACED THE  
BOARDS WITH THE WRONG  
ENDS UP—THAT THING  
WOULD LEAK LIKE A  
LEAKING DERRILLA!

THINK FAST,  
BACKWOODS!

THE GENTLEMAN IS ABSOLUTELY RIGHT!  
WE SIMPLY WANTED TO FIND OUT HOW  
MUCH YOU'VE LEARNED SINCE YOU  
CAME TO THE  
NORTH WOODS!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

Illustrated by W. D. DOW

THERE IS GREAT EXCITEMENT AS NED BRANT AND BOB SHANKS HAVE DISAPPEARED. AND THEY ARE BEING SEARCHED FOR IN THE WOODS!

AND THAT'S THE LAST YOU SAW OF BACKWOODS BRANT AND SUREFOOT SHANKS?

THEY WERE OUR OWNERS AND WENT OUT TO SHOOT SOME WILD GAME FOR DINNER - WE NEVER SAW THEM AGAIN.

CAN YOU SHOW ME ON THE MAP APPROXIMATELY WHERE YOU LANDED?

I WOULD SAY IT WAS ABOUT EIGHT MILES, SIR.





# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

NUMBER 1 - 1937

EISE AND SHINEL  
SAY—SOMEONE'S  
GOING TO FIND  
US TODAY—  
I FEEL IT  
IN MY  
BONES

I HOPE IT'S A  
HAIRY PRINCESS  
WITH A HAMBURGER  
SANDWICH AND

WE HAVE SOME FUN WILD  
SUSPENSE SOME BOLLIVY  
WILD SUSPENSE AND  
SOME DELICIOUS WILD  
SUSPENSE AND

I NEVER  
SAID  
SUSPENSE—  
LET ME  
HAVE SOME  
SUSPENSE  
INSTEAD









# Alvin the Spider

A  
HEAVY  
FOG  
COVERS  
THE  
WATER-  
FRONT.  
A GIRL  
SCREAMS  
AND...

WELL  
THINK  
ABOUT  
IT



YOUNG AND PRETTY!  
BETTER GET  
OUTA HERE  
FAST.



DIDJA GET  
THAT KILLER  
YET MIKE?

NO... AND  
ANOTHER  
GIRL WAS  
FOUND IN  
THE RIVER  
THIS MORNING



...THE COMMISSIONER GAVE  
US ORDERS TO SHOOT 'EM ON  
SIGHT... J-JUMPIN'  
OUTFISH!! LOOK!!



IT'S... IT'S THE  
KILLER!

AND I CAN'T  
SHOOT IN THIS  
FOG... I MIGHT  
HIT THE GIRL!



HE RAN INTO THIS  
ALLEY!!



A SHINING STEEL BLADE NOW  
FLASHES FROM THE DARKNESS  
OF THE ALLEY.



THERE! YOU  
WON'T CHASE  
ME AGAIN!  
HEH...HEH!



UH...  
THE  
SPIDER!



IT'LL GIVE YA  
THE SAME  
THING THIS  
COP  
JUST GOT!













AS THE CAPTURED SPIDER SLAM  
IN COME TO HIS SENSES  
GARE MY  
HEAD!



AM! YOU AWOKE  
JUST IN TIME TO  
SEE MY  
EXPERIMENT!

IS THAT SO?



ALL RIGHT, GREGG!  
GOING IN THE BEAST!



AND A HUGE APE IS TOWED  
INTO THE ROOM



NOW I'M GOING TO SHOW THE  
WORLD THAT A GIRL CAN  
OVERPOWER A GORILLA IF  
SHE HAS BEEN INJECTED BY  
MY GREAT  
DISCOVERY!  
THIS WILL  
BE MY  
GREAT  
TEST!



HE'S CRAZY ALRIGHT! THIS IS  
WHY THE BODIES OF GIRLS  
FOUND IN THE RIVER WERE  
SO MANGLED!



BEFORE I GIVE YOU  
THE INJECTION  
WIDE ALL FEAR  
AWAY! LOOK AT ME!

I-I'M  
LOOKING  
AT YOU!



THE PENO! HE'S PUSHING HER  
INTO THE CAGE WITH THAT  
GORILLA. I MUST  
GET  
FREE TO  
STOP HIM



THE DOCTOR'S HYPNOTIC  
SPELL IS BROKEN... THE  
GIRL'S MIND NOW CLEARS...



AS THE HUGE  
APE NEARS  
HER, A BARRY  
HAND RAISES  
MEMORABLE!



AS THE GORILLA REACHES THE GIRL AND STRIKES OUT THE SPIDER, DEANS HIS DEADLY BOWSTING AND AIMS.



EFFET L. EFFET! AND TWO BLAZING SEALS DIVE INTO THE BEAST'S CHEST! AND BACK HE TOPPLES...



DON'T LOOK BACK, MISS... TRY TO FORGET THIS UGLY BUSINESS!



THERE... THERE NOW! YOU'RE ALL SAFE NOW!



OH!— WHAT A GHOSTLY EXPERIENCE I WENT THROUGH!— THANK YOU!

HAI! YOU'RE NOT FREE YET!



—IT'S THE MAN WHO BROUGHT ME HERE!

YA KILLED MY APE RAIL, HUH? OKAY—WALK THE TRAP DOOR RIGHT BEHIND YA! HURRY!



THERE! THAT IS YER HOME FOR A LONG, LONG TIME— MAYBE FOREVER!



OH! I'LL STARVE HERE!



EASY NOW! I'M NOT LOCKED EVEN YET!

—IF I CAN ONLY JUMP AND REACH THAT GRATING... MAYBE...



BUT TIME AFTER TIME THE SPIDER'S JUMPS RAIL HIM...



SEEMS TO BE NO USE...



DON'T SAY THAT I'VE BEEN IN MANY TOUGH SPOTS BEFORE... HAVE COURAGE!











SONNE  
NERVE

SONNE  
NERVE

DON'T  
LAFF AT  
DREAMS  
LENA—  
THEY'LL  
HIT YOU

WELL  
I  
DON'T  
BELIEVE  
IN 'EM

WOULD YE WALK EVEN UNDER A LADDER?

SURE LOOK AT ME!

JANE AUSTEN'S NOVELTY  
WARDROBE FOR MEN...







WELL, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, LADY!



GRAND CENTRAL, EHT?

THAT'S WHAT I SAID.

AND I SAID...



YOU CATCH THE TAXI OFFICER— I'VE ANOTHER HUNCH!



HOPE I CAN MAKE THIS OKAY!



WHEW!



HMM—I THOUGHT SO! THERE HE IS! MUSTN'T LET HIM USE HIS SUN!



I'M GIVIN' YOU A WISE GAL TIP: SLIP!



AND THERE'S A SUD SALING IN AN HOUR!



CAN I BORROW SOME SALT?

ARE YE PLAIN CRAZY, LENA?



WHY? I'VE LENT YOU SALT!

SURE, SAL— BUT STOP AN' THINK! YE REALLY DO WANT SALT!



YES—I WANT SALT! WHY?

IT'S BAD LUCK T'BORROW SALT!



STOP YOUR SILLY TALK! DO I GET THE SALT—OR DON'T I?

AHRIGHT!



DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YE!

AW BOSH— BAD LUCK TALK IS ALL SILLY!



I'D OWN! ME!

I'D OWN! ME!









# SLAP HAPPY PAPPY

by GILL FOX

MANY STRANGE COFFIN-SHAPED BOXES HAVE RECENTLY BEEN MOVED INTO A HOUSE NEAR PAPPY'S MOUNTAIN HOME... IT IS RUMORED THAT A SHADOWY OGRE MAKES THIS HIS ABODE...









# LEE

# PRESTON

*Terrence Maloney*

## of the RED CROSS

DESIGNED TO THE WAR-TORN FIELDS OF FRANCE  
LEE DAILY FERRIES MEDICAL SUPPLIES FROM ONE  
HOSPITAL BASE TO ANOTHER IN THE BATTLE AREA

FROM THE FLICKY GIRL  
CAME THE MESSAGE OF



I'M SO TIRED, I HAVEN'T SLEPT  
FOR TWO DAYS, BUT I MUST  
KEEP ON. GREAT HEAVENS!  
I'M COMPLETELY  
OFF MY  
COURSE!



SUDDENLY TWO BITTLING PLANES  
ROCKET FROM THE CLOUDS ABOVE



AND AS LEE DESPERATELY  
STRIVES TO AVOID THE VICIOUS  
TANGLE OF LOGS



THIS PLANE  
HANDLES SO  
SLUGGISHLY! OH!  
THAT SHIP'S  
GOING TO HIT  
ME!



JUST MANAGING TO OPEN THE  
COCKPIT DOOR, LEE IS HURTLED  
THROUGH SPACE AS THE PURSUIT  
SHIP PLINGS INTO HER.



POCKED BY THE GENTLE SWAYING  
OF HER PARACHUTE, SHE FALLS  
DEAD ASLEEP



LANDING GENTLY THE SLEEPING  
GIRL IS FOUND BY A TYROLIAN  
SHEPHERD



THE NEXT MORNING

W-WHERE AM I?  
WHO ARE  
YOU?

I AM GENERAL  
MILLER. YOU ARE  
IN A PRISON  
HOSPITAL









MEANTIME AT AN ENEMY AIR-  
DROME SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

TAKE UP YOUR FLIGHT RASTINGS.  
IF YOU RUN ACROSS THE ENEMY,  
SHOOT FIRST! THAT'S ALL...  
QUEERO!



HIGH OVER THE MOUNTAINS, LEE  
SUDDENLY NOTICES THE WING CON-  
FORMERS BEGINNING TO RP...



WITH INVISIBLE FINGERS THE WING  
BRIDGES THE RED CROSS MARK-  
INGS AND REVEALING THE BLACK  
ENEMY BAND.



ENEMY PLANE  
BELOW! PREPARE  
TO DIVE!



I'VE GOT MY  
ORDERS!



TIPPING OVER THE FLIER SENDS  
HIS PLANE INTO A POWER DIVE.



MACHINE GUNS READY TO CHATTER THEIR SONGS OF DEATH, THE PLANE  
ROARS DOWN... THE PILOT CENTERING LEE'S PLANE IN HIS SIGHTS!



ENEMY PLANES!! I'M A  
DEAD GOOSE, UNLESS... I'VE  
GOT IT!



PUSHING BACK THE COCKPIT  
COVERING LEE RIPS HER HELMET  
OFF AND LETS HER LONG HAIR FLY  
IN THE WIND...



HEY! WHAT THE-? THAT'S A GIRL! THAT  
MUST BE THAT AM-  
ERICAN GIRL WHO  
IS FLYING FOR THE  
RED CROSS!









# THE DOOR OF DEATH

BY LARRY SPAIN

Fog crept across the moors like clammy ghosts. The single lamp in front of Blecker's Inn was a jaundiced eye, flickering balefully. A fine mist fell; it would turn to rain soon because this was the month of storms. A bad night for the Plympton stage to be setting forth.

Blecker's Inn was three hundred years old, but it looked to Eric Vale scarier a thousand. Low beams straggled across the ceiling, dust-laden. A huge fireplace at one end of the big room gave forth a wan cheer. A fat iron pot bubbled merrily over the flames, giving off a savory aroma of stew.

So this, thought Eric, was the north of England—rural England. A century behind the world. And this tavern—how many royal personages had found shelter here in the days long past? Kings, queens, nobles . . . Funny, he thought, it was to be the rendezvous of two famous people this very night! Two people with death close at their heels!

Eric straightened in his chair and watched the lid of the pot dance as steam escaped. Yes, tonight these two beloved persons might die. Might! But it was his job to see that they lived. In his hand rested two lives. In his hand rested the fate of a vast empire!

Eric dozed a bit. He did not know when they would arrive. They would arrive by plane to this inn. From here on planes were forbidden to fly. This was because London—all important cities in England—were under strict black-out orders. And it was between

Blecker's and the Plympton railway that the assassins would strike at the royal couple.

According to Scotland Yard operatives, Eric Vale's deductions were quite wrong. These astute detectives had advised that the royal pair should continue to Plympton on a darkened plane. But Eric had been commissioned to protect their lives on this trip. He had flown from California to England for the duty. And his plans, after checking everything, had been directly opposite to that of the famous Yard deaths.

Eric wondered if these men knew of the hidden anti-aircraft guns between Blecker's Inn and Plympton. The assassins, muzzling them waited in the darkness to fire upon any plane that ventured forth that night. They had powerful searchlights and mechanical "ears" attuned to catch the sound of a plane's engines.

So Eric had advised that his charges should come as far as the old inn and continue their trip via the rattletrap stage coach that still plied between this point and the railway, twenty-odd miles across the muddy moors. Yes, royalty would ride the common stage this night! And Eric would ride along. The assassins would never think that a king and queen were huddled in the decrepit carriage . . .

A creaking sound brought young Eric erect. Yes, the stage was arriving. He hurried outside. The rain had started falling and a wind was coming up. It would be a bad night over the moors. As he stood watching a single passenger alight

and hurry into the inn, he heard the drone of a plane's motors. Perfectly timed! They would not enter the inn; they would bundle themselves directly into the stage and be off. That had been Eric's orders.

In a few minutes three muffled figures detached themselves from the wet gloom and paused momentarily in the wan glare of the inn's light. A tall man, a slender woman, a livery laden with bags and boxes. Eric nodded without saying a word. The tall man bowed briefly. Then the three stepped into the carriage. Eric followed. The driver clicked to his horses and they were off, fast, with little sound because the thick



moor muffled the noise of the wheels.

The king of Bulravia spoke:

"Eric Vale, I cannot tell you how thankful we are." His voice was low, cultured, slightly accented.

Eric said, "Your Highness, it is my pleasure. Yet I regret that this poor carriage must serve—"

The queen laughed softly. "No regrets, young man! This is Cinderella's carriage to us!"

"Strange, is it not," said the king, "that we must send so far off America for a protector? When England's famed Scotland Yard is all about?"



"I am honored, your Highness," said Eric. "I will do my best."

"We know that," replied the king. "We ask nothing more."

Stranger still, thought Eric, that the death of these two people could easily throw several great nations into a terrific conflict—nations still neutral, about their neighbors were at each other's throats.

That was war. Senseless massacre of innocent people. Murder and bloodshed and destruction. And for what? Not one of those struggling nations could give the answer!

The stage rolled on, lurching in the bogs, creaking now and then when a particularly deep rut caused the ancient vehicle to twist. There was one small hamlet between Blacker's Inn and Plympton—a scattering of a dozen cottages where some miners and their families lived in semi-squalor.

An hour had passed when the stage rolled through the single "street" of this village. They were almost through when the driver spoke to his horses and the carriage came to a stop. Eric wondered about this. Who would be out on a night like this? A miner, perhaps, going to Plympton for a doctor...

Then Eric saw a man carrying a dim lantern approach the carriage door. He opened it, got in. He found the one remaining seat and placed his lantern between his feet, for warmth. Eric couldn't make out his features; they were muffled in a ~~dark~~ coat and a felt hat was pulled low over his forehead. The coach started.

The newcomer said not a word. And of course, Eric knew, the presence of the royal couple was unexpected. A half hour passed and the lurching of the stage made Eric a little drowsy. The lackey had long ago fallen into deep slumber, and Eric suspected that the queen, too, slept.

Only once, did the newcomer move: a mile or so back, he had

glanced briefly at a luminous-dial wrist watch. But now he reached down and turned up the flame of his lantern as it for increased warmth. The flame flared up brightly and with a startled grunt the man hurled the lantern out the carriage window. It exploded with a dull thump.

It struck Eric as a bit strange. And yet, it had been the natural thing to do. One wouldn't sit nursing an exploding oil lantern.

Ten minutes passed in silence. Then Eric thought he heard the drone of an airplane far overhead. Yes, it was! A moment later a series of sharp explosions shook the carriage. Just as he had thought. The hidden anti-aircraft gunmen were firing upon the dark plane. So



be it. They would doubtless bring it down, but they would find no king nor queen aboard. They would not even find a pilot! Deekin, Eric's master electrician, had seen to that. Eric had given him orders to send the plane up at a certain time. The ship was radio-controlled. It would take the assassins some time to discover their error...

They must be, thought Eric, close to Plympton by now. The rain fell in sheets and an occasional flash of lightning lit up the dreary landscape.

Suddenly the carriage gave a violent lurch. The front end and left side settled at a sharp angle and came to a halt. The lackey woke up with a mumbled sound. The newcomer sat silent, hunched in his corner, which was the lower one now.



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What had happened? Eric wondered. Why didn't the driver go on? There was no sound from his box. The horses might have been ghosts. Eric called up to the driver. There was no answer.

The stranger spoke. "I think we're stuck in a bog; it's only a few hundred yards into Plympton. The driver can hardly hear in this howling storm." Eric thought the man had an odd accent.

The stranger opened the door and the lackey stepped out. The king was next. But in a brilliant flash of lightning Eric saw something that turned him cold. He grabbed the king.

"Scap!" he cried. Then he opened the door on the other side of the vehicle. "Please get out this way," he said. He himself first stepped out. The king and queen followed. Eric drew his pistol, covered the stranger. "You'll come with me," he said. And to the royal couple:

"It was a trick. This man is an assassin. He threw the lantern as a signal. The driver and horses were shot purposely at this exact spot. If you'd got out the other door, you'd have dropped a hundred feet into a ravine."

**CRIME IN ICE**  
ANOTHER ERIC VALE THRILLER  
APPEARS IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE  
of CRACK COMICS **ON SALE AUG. 30th**



# WIZARD WELLS

*Marvel's Man of Science*

TALKING LIGHT

WIZARD WELLS FORMER ALL-AMERICAN HALFBACK HAS NOW BECOME OUR FOREMOST INVENTOR. ACCIDENTALLY GOING INTO DRINKS, HE HAS SOLVED CASE AFTER CASE THANKS HIS KNOWLEDGE OF SCIENCE... AND THE DUBIOUS HELP OF TUG-HIS PUNCH-DRUNK HELPER.

EXTORTION RUNS HOT IN A METROPOLIS ALL BUSINESS PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE RACKETEER...

SO YOU WANT ANY, HUH?

BEATINGS TAKE PLACE

AND MURDER TOO

BUT THE POLICE ARE HELPLESS!

WIZARD WELLS ISN'T! LOOK HOW HE BROKE UP MORRIS' SHakedown RACKET!

LET'S SEE WELLS!

FINALLY, A DESPERATE GROUP OF BUSINESS MEN GATHER TOGETHER

VERY WELL, GENTLEMEN! I'LL LISTEN TO YOU BUT I PROMISE NOTHING!

YOU CAN'T TURN US DOWN, WELLS!

YOU'RE OUR ONLY HOPE!

THE NEXT NIGHT, THE COMMITTEE CALLS ON WIZARD WELLS

BUT, IF "RAGS" ROLLIN IS BEHIND ALL THIS, HAVE HIM ARRESTED!

WE'VE TRIED THAT HE HAS TOO MUCH POLITICAL PULL!

A HALF HOUR LATER

POLITICAL INFLUENCE, EH? WITH WHOM? DO YOU KNOW?

WE KNOW IT'S CAL KEARNEY, BUT TRY TO PROVE IT!

WE KNOW CAL'S BEING AND OFF PROBABLY IN ROLLIN'S OFFICE. BUT KNOWING ISN'T PROOF!

WELL, I'LL SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE

AND, SMITH, AS SOON AS I HAVE ANYTHING TO REPORT, I'LL TELEPHONE YOU

THANKS, WELLS.











SMITH? WELLS SPEAKING!  
I HAVE ROLLIN HERE. BRING  
YOUR COMMITTEE OVER,  
RIGHT AWAY!



WELLS IN HIS LABORATORY

GENTLEMEN, IF YOU WILL GET  
KEARNEY OVER HERE, AND SOME  
POUCEMEN, I THINK YOUR  
TROUBLES ARE OVER.



A HALF HOUR LATER, THE  
BUSINESS MEN ARRIVE.



I THOUGHT YOU'D BE SENSIBLE  
KEARNEY. WE'LL EXPECT YOU  
IN 20 MINUTES.



WELLS IS RECEIVING PHONES

YOU GOT THE GOODS ON  
ROLLIN? DON'T MAKE ME  
LAUGH... WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY  
WIZARD WELLS SAID SO-WE'LL  
BE RIGHT OVER!



AND AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

AH, TUG, YOU GOT THE  
RECORDING? AND  
DID KEARNEY  
DRINK SOME  
WATER?



AND HOW  
BOSS. AN' THE  
RECORD'S A  
LULU!

KEARNEY, I HAVE ASKED YOU  
HERE TO LISTEN TO  
A DEMONSTRATION

SO THIS IS WHAT YOU  
GOT ME OVER HERE  
FOR-FOOLISHNESS!



AFTER KEARNEY AND  
THE POLICE ARRIVE

ALL RIGHT, TUG! TURN IT  
ON!



HERE'S YOUR TEN GRAND FOR  
THE WEEK. CAL AND SAY, CAN'T  
YOU GET THE DOPS TO LAY OFF  
MY BOYS IN THE TENTH PRECINCT?  
I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT, RAGS.  
QUIT! THERE'S SOMEONE OUTSIDE  
THE DOOR, KEARNEY.  
I'M SCRAMMIN',  
RAGS.

A PHONOGRAPH NEEDLE SCRATCHES,  
AND MEN'S VOICES ARE HEARD

NOW, KEARNEY, I SUPPOSE  
YOU DENY THIS IS A RECORD  
OF A CONVERSATION  
BETWEEN YOU AND  
RAGS ROLLIN IN  
HIS OFFICE  
TONIGHT.



I SURE  
DO DENY  
IT!

KEARNEY WASN'T ANYWHERE  
NEAR MY OFFICE TONIGHT,  
WELLS. IF THAT'S ALL  
YOU GOT.



JUST A  
MINUTE, RAGS!







# OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.





# SNAPPY

HEY, SIS, THE PAPER SAYS IT'LL BE SWELL OUT TODAY—LET'S GO ON A PICNIC!

ARTIST: GREENGLASS

THAT WAS A GRAND IDEA, SNAP—OUTINGS ARE ALWAYS FUN!







FOLLOW SNAPPY IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF CRACK COMICS - ON SALE AUGUST 30TH.



# THE CLOCK

TWO AGAINST  
ALL THAT IS EVIL...  
OUTNUMBERED BUT  
NEVER OUTFOUGHT, BRIAN  
O'BRIEN WHO PLAYS THE  
ROLE OF THE CLOCK,  
AND HIS RECKLESS TWO-  
FISTED PAL, "PUG"  
BRADY, FIGHT AN  
UNENDING WAR  
AGAINST  
CRIME---

DEATH FLIES  
OUT OF THE SKY--  
DEATH, DEALT BY  
A SUPER CRIMINAL  
KNOWN AS THE "JAY  
BIRD" WHO SWOOPS  
DOWN ON HIS VICTIMS  
WITHOUT MERCY--  
UNTIL FATE BRINGS  
HIM FACE TO FACE  
WITH THE CLOCK  
IN MID-AIR----

GEORGE E. BREWSTER

SKILLED HANDS SET IT  
DOWN IN A PERFECT THREE-  
POINT LANDING, AND TWO MEN  
CLIMB OUT---

A SLEEK PLANE  
APPROACHES A  
CITY AIR-  
PORT---

CHECK OVER  
EVERYTHING, EH  
"BUSY?"

YES, SIR,  
MR. O'BRIEN!





GEE, BOSS, I ENJOYED THAT HUNTING TRIP!

YES, PUG, IT'S GOOD TO GET AWAY FROM EVERYDAY ROUTINE—



HUNTING MOUNTAIN LIONS ONE WEEK AND UNDERWORLD RATS THE NEXT—I WONDER IF WE MISSED ANYTHINGS WHILE WE WERE AWAY?



MEANWHILE THE GUARDS OF AN ADORED CAR SERVICE ARE TRANSPORTING A SHIPMENT OF GOLD TO A SUB-TREASURY—

AT THE SAME TIME A TINY SPECK APPEARS IN THE SKY—

SLOWLY IT BEGINS TO TAKE THE SHAPE OF A MAN—A MAN FLYING THROUGH SPACE—



AH! I'M NOT TOO LATE—THEY'RE STILL HANDLING THE GOLD!

AND THE 'JAY BIRD,' A CRIMINAL WHO SEEMS TO DEFY GRAVITY, IS ABOUT TO DIP AGAIN INTO CRIME—

SWOOPING DOWN, THE JAY BIRD ATTACKS THE GUARDS....



TOO BAD I HAVE ONLY TWO HANDS!



THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, FOOL!

ISING IN A ZIG-ZAG COURSE, THE JAY BIRD MAKES HIS ESCAPE AMID THE FLYING BULLETS OF THE POLICE, ATTRACTED TO THE SCENE BY THE GUY BATTLE....





BY THIS TIME THE CLOCK AND DUG HAVE ARRIVED HOME FROM THE AIRPORT--



WE'RE JUST IN TIME FOR THE NEWS BULLETINS, DUG!

**FLASH!** ANOTHER ROBBERY WAS COMMITTED BY THE JAY BIRD TODAY, AS A RESULT OF THIS THREE TREASURY GUARDS LAY DEAD, AND AS USUAL THIS FLYING FIEND MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE--



FOR FURTHER DETAILS READ YOUR DAILY DAPER!



DUG--THE PAPERS! GET THEM!



AN--HERE'S AN ACCOUNT!



SAY--THIS IS A BIT ON THE FANTASTIC SIDE! READ THIS, DUG!



ARE AT THEIR WORK AND WITHOUT THE APPARENT USE OF ANY FLYING DEVICE, THE JAY BIRD SHOOTS OUT OF THE SKY, ATTACKS HIS VICTIM AND MAKES HIS ESCAPE. POLICE ARE AT A LOSS AS TO HOW TO FIGHT THIS NEW MENACE.



A CROOK THAT FLIES--WHATLL THEY BE DOING NEXT?

DUG, YOU KNOW THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



MEN WHO FLY LIKE THAT ARE ONLY FOUND IN FICTION--IT CAN'T BE DONE!



BUT THIS GUY IS DOING IT!

TRUE, AND WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT HOW, AND BRING HIM DOWN TO EARTH!

MEANWHILE, IN THE NEXT-OUT OF THE JAY BIRD--



SPIKE, TOMORROW WE'RE GOING AFTER SOME UNCUT 'ICE!

YEAH?

AN' HOW DO YOU KNOW THERE'S GONNA BE UNCUT 'ICE' WHERE YA CAN SHOOD DOWN ON IT?



I HAD TO MAKE THAT OPPORTUNITY--

--I CALLED UP CARTEER THE JEWELER AND ASKED THEM TO HAVE A REPRESENTATIVE MEET ME AT PARK AND ELH STREETS TOMORROW AT THREE, WITH A SELECTION OF LARGE UNCUT DIAMONDS--







AN YOU MEAN TO SAY THEY'RE GONNA BE DOPES ENOUGH TO DO IT?

YES-



YOU SEE, I USED THE NAME OF ONE OF THE CITY'S MOST PROMINENT AND RESPECTED CITIZENS - SAYING I WANTED TO HAVE A PIECE OF JEWELRY MADE UP FOR MY WIFE'S BIRTHDAY---



--AND I WANTED TO KEEP IT A STRICT SECRET, SO IF THEY'D HAVE A MAN MEET ME, I'D GO WHEREVER HE WOULD SAY, TO LOOK AT THE STONES

IT'S A 'NATURAL' CHIEF!

THE NEXT DAY IN THE CLOCK'S APARTMENT---



PUS, FROM WHAT I READ, THERE'S NO WAY OF FINDING A CLUE TO THIS JAY BIRD--



SO THE ONLY THING TO DO IS PATROL THE CITY-- YOU WORK THE DOWNTOWN SECTION, AND I'LL WORK THE MID-TOWN AREA!



TAKE A GUN AND A TELESCOPE AND WE'LL MEET BACK HERE AT SIX!

OKAY, BOSS!

AND AT 5 O'CLOCK A GENTLEMAN REPRESENTATIVE WANTS FOR A CUSTOMER WHO WILL NEVER COME---



BY CHANCE, THE CLOCK APPROACHES PARK AND ELM---



AT THE SAME TIME THE JAY BIRD FLIES OUT OF THE SKY--



IN COLD BLOOD, HE SHOOT'S DOWN THE DIAMOND MERCHANT--



BANG  
BANG

SNATCHES THE CASE, AND IS OFF---



THE SHOTS ATTRACT THE CLOCK, BUT HE'S TOO LATE--



WELL! I'LL BE--??

BANG  
BANG



THROUGH HIS TELESCOPE HE  
WATCHES THE KILLER MAKE  
HIS ESCAPE-

SUDDENLY-

SO THAT'S  
HOW HE WORKS  
IT!

LATER-

DUG! I THOUGHT  
YOU'D NEVER  
GET  
HERE!

YOU MEAN  
YOU SAW  
HIM?

YES- AND I  
KNOW HOW HE  
WORKS!

HOW?

HE HANGS FROM A  
PLANE, BY A FINE CABLE,  
THE TENSILE STRENGTH  
OF WHICH MUST BE  
VERY GREAT--

--AND HE PROBABLY  
SIGNALS TO THE PILOT  
THROUGH THAT SAME  
WIRE WHEN TO  
LOWER AND  
RAISE HIM!

SO FROM TOMORROW  
ON, YOU AND I ARE  
GOING TO LIVE IN  
OUR PLANE---

WE'LL PATROL  
THE SKIES AND  
KEEP OUR RADIO  
TUNED FOR POLICE  
CALLS!

I GET  
IT-

THAT WAY  
WE'LL BE  
ABLE TO  
FIND OUT  
ABOUT  
WHERE HE'S  
WORKING!

AT THE SAME TIME, THE JAY  
BIRD PLAYS ANOTHER GAME--

SPIKE, TOMORROW A  
20,000 PAYROLL WILL  
BE DELIVERED TO  
THE ADAMS COMPANY  
AT NOON---

WITH WHAT WE'VE  
GOT, AND THAT, WE'LL  
LAY LOW FOR AWHILE--  
TAKE A LITTLE  
VACATION!

YOU MEAN WE'LL  
LAY LOW TILL THE  
'HEAT' BLOWS  
OVER, DON'T  
YA, CHIEF



THE NEXT DAY,  
THE CLOCK  
AND PUG  
ARE FLYING  
HIGH IN THE  
HEAVENS--





AND HE GRABS THE KILLER ABOUT THE NECK--

THE TERRIFIC BARK DRAWS SPRUE'S ATTENTION TO THE SCENE BELOW--

OH! THERE'S A PLANE! I'LL SHOOT THAT DOWN FIRST!



SECURING THE CONTROLS, SPRUE LEAVES HIS SEAT AND STARTS FIRING AT DUG--AND THE BATTLE IS ON--

DUG'S SHOT TUMBLES THE RENEGADE PILOT OUT OF THE PLANE--



OH-OH! THAT SHIP'S PILOTLESS-- THAT MEANS THERE'S NO ONE TO HAUL THAT CABLE UP, AND THE BOSS'LL BE KILLED--- THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!

DUG PULLS HIS PLANE ALONGSIDE THE PILOTLESS CRAFT, SCRAMBLES OUT ON THE WING---

--AND IN MID-AIR, JUMPS FROM ONE WING TO THE OTHER



INSIDE THE PLANE HE FINDS THE LEVER THAT WIGGLES THE CABLE, AND DRESSES IT--

THEY'RE COMING UP!

GEE, BOSS, I THOUGHT YOU WERE A GONER!

NO! BUT THIS BABY IS--

HEAD FOR THE LANDING FIELD, DUG, AND WE'LL HAVE THE POLICE FIT UP A NICE CAGE AND CHANGE THIS JAY BIRD TO A JAIL BIRD!



MORE DARING ADVENTURES OF THE CLOCK IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF CRACK COMICS.



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# Read THE BLACK CONDOR

The Man  
Who Can  
Fly!



Also  
IN  
CRACK  
COMICS  
EACH  
MONTH

Each  
Month  
in **CRACK  
COMICS**

THE  
CLOCK,  
ALIAS THE SPIDER,  
JANE ARDEN, THE  
SPACE LEGION,  
MADAM FATAL, NED  
BRANT, WIZARD  
WELLS ~ AND  
MANY  
OTHERS



# THE SUPER BIKE FOR SUPER BOYS!



I'm proud of my pal, Uncle Joe;  
It's speed and strength we like.  
That's why he runs a streamlined train  
And I ride a Schwinn-Built bike.



My cousin Harry lives the real;  
His plans is always ready.  
He says it's like my Schwinn-Built bike—  
So fast and smooth and steady.



Away to school on my Schwinn I go,  
Beating ahead of the rest.  
As president of the cycle club  
I know what bike is best.



Off on my Schwinn for mother's  
Picking up things for dad,  
I'm the Minute Man of the family  
And a strong and healthy lad.



Bring on all the bikes in the neighbor-  
hood. Match them hub to hub. And  
your Schwinn-Built bicycle will win  
hands down every time.

Watch your friends' eyes pop when  
you show them the Spring Fork that  
changes riding to g-l-i-d-i-n-g . . . the  
Four Wheel Brake that brings you to  
a full stop on a dime . . . the theft-  
proof Cycolock . . . rear expander brake  
. . . and many other exclusive Schwinn  
features.

Then let the gang stand back and  
admire the surging grace and super  
strength of America's finest bicycle . . .  
the bike that's waiting to whisk you  
to happy, healthy outdoor adventure.

Make a date with dad to see the  
new Schwinn bikes at your dealer.

Write today for illustrated, free Schwinn bike booklet

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